EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXIII. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1840. No. 14.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTUAL.

From the Sentinel.

THE DRAG LOG AND COULTER PLOUGH.

Sir:--I desire to draw the attention of your Agricultural readers to two implements which I used last year in the cultivation of my corn crop, the Drag Log & the Coulter Plough. I took them from the Farmer's Register, to which I am much indebeted for useful information in my agricultural pursuits. Perhaps my notions of the benefits of these implements can be best conveyed by an account of the cultivation of my crop.

I flushed the ground with Chanowith's Plough, No. 9, early in the season, to the depth of the soil, and as the ground was ploughed, followed quickly with the Drag Log, which pulverises and reduces it much better than the revolving Roller. I then ran over it with the large spike-tooth Harrow, and checkered it at the distance of four feet each way, with the Coulter Plough, and after planting covered with the spike-tooth Harrow.—When the corn rose so as to be seen distinctly, I ran the Coulter Ploughs close to the rows, and ran over it again transversely with the spike-tooth Harrow.—After clearing and thinning, as soon as the grass began to grow, I ran the Coulter Plough four times in each row, crossing with rank Cultivators, and shortly before harvest gave it the same cultivation reversed. This was the entire cultivation—I never used a hoe, except for clearing. My crop was much larger than any I ever made, I do not mention the quantity, as it was not put through a corn barrel, but ascertained by corn house measurment. I believe I derived much benefit from the cultivation though I do not attribute the increased product entirely to it; my lands are under improvement, principally by marl and marsh mud. I gather but few blades and cut no tops. My corn fields were heavily set with blue grass, I never so well subdued it, and accomplished my cultivation with so much ease.

The Coulter Plough may be set to run from six to twelve inches deep, one good horse will carry it. The sod turned by the flushing Plough and compressed by the Drag Log, is cut by Coulter Ploughs, without being turned up, it decomposes, and I believe affords aliment to the corn.

I had heretofore thought that the roots of corn, in their growth, were disposed to take a horizontal direction, I am now of opinion that this is mainly owing to a superficial cultivation, and where the ground is loosened below the soil, by the deep cutting of the Coulter Plough, they will strike downwards. One of the supposed advantages of the hill, is to give the stock support. My cultivation produced a flat surface, and several gentlemen who saw my fields, after the heavy rains, and winds of August, thought it less blown down than any they had seen, & one of them, who had gone from Baltimore, to Wilmington, thence to Dover, & then down the country to my house, walking in my corn fields, made the remark without his attention being drawn to it by any observation of mine. In the course of the fall I pulled up several stocks in different parts of my field, I found most of the roots to have struck down. They were generally from eight to ten inches long many of them from twelve to fourteen, and I found one seventeen. These roots instead of extending over the ground covered a diameter of about ten inches, the stock being the centre—Where the roots run perpendicularly it necessarily follows that the corn is less injured by the last cultivation, and though I have known persons assert that the cutting the roots of corn did it no injury, I never could come into the opinion. I corresponded with a very intelligent farmer in Virginia, about the Coulter Plough, who stated that corn cultivated by the Coulter Plough suffered less in a heavy drought than when common corn ploughs were used; for this two reasons may be assigned--the ground retains moisture longer than when turned over by consecutive plough ing and the roots striking deeper, are less exposed to the influence of the sun. I do not say that the cultivation I have mentioned would be suitable to all soils; mine is a friable mould, with a red clay bottom; perhaps it would not answer in a stiff tenacious clay.

The Drag Log is made of the following materials—A solid square piece of timber, six feet long by twelve inches, another piece five feet long, of sufficient strength to bear the weight of the log, to be connected by pieces eight inches long, besides what is allowed for tenons, the two long pieces to be connected by the short ones, so that the part of the log next to the ground will run even on it. Two strong oxen will carry it, and hold way with two flushing ploughs. The Coulter Plough I cannot describe on paper, it may be seen at Mr. R. B. Carmichael's, near Centreville, or at my house on Wye. They were made by Mr. Hambleton at Wye Mill. I am a very inexperienced farmer, most of your readers know that my early days were devoted to a different occupation, and I should feel unwilling, from the experience of a single year, to involve any farmer in cultivation like mine. If any shall be disposed to try it, I would recommend that he should confine it to part of his crop, and they could then determine by comparison the advantages of the cultivation.

I have a strong and abiding attachment to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I have been in several of the Atlantic States, and I believe the natural fertility, the internal resources, and advantages of the Eastern Shore are equal to any region of the same extent in any of them. We have barren sandy districts, which ought never to have been cleared, or cultivated; they have dessolate hills and mountains, in New York and Pennsylvania, which the hand of industry can never improve. I have witnessed with high gratification the progresive improvement of our agriculture; and if the enormous debt which now hangs upon us, (the handy work of internal improvers,) does not bring ruin and dessolation upon the State; the day is not far distant, when the increased production of our lands will establish their real value.

WM. CARMICHAEL.

Wye, March 20.

WORKING COWS.

The Worcester (Mass.) Ægis, says: It is believed that a team of Cows properly managed, will do all the ordinary work of a small farm, and furnish as much milk as if the animals were not worked. The Maine Farmer publishes the result of an experiment in working cows, made by a Mr. Hoyt, of Amesbury, Mass., many years ago. He was a small farmer, cultivating only twenty-five acres from which he derived a support for himself and family. For breaking up and his other heavy operations, he performed the ordinary work on the farm with his two cows. He worked them three hours early in the morning and three in the afternoon, permitting them to rest during the interval, feeding them generously all the while, and milking them three times a day. It was a common remark that they furnished more butter and cheese than any other two cows in the town. The experiment deserves a careful trial.

CULTIVATION OF THE SUGAR BEET.

Time of Sowing.—This depends on the position of the place and nature of the soil as a general rule, the earlier the better. Provided the land is dry and in proper order, early sowing is particularly important, when the object is to make sugar, because the roots arrive sooner at maturity, and allow the process of crushing to commence early. In France, it has been found that in September and October the greatest quantity of sugar can be extracted from the roots. In the United States, the nature of the fall season is very suitable for making sugar.—The season for working here will be longer than it is in France; this will favour the manufacture here when it becomes a business. In Pennsylvania, beet sown so late as the first ten days of June came to perfection: but late sowing, exposes the young plants to be injured by the drought of that season, and the heat of the sun: we have heard of an instance where by accident some beet seed had been dropped in the fall, and remained in the ground all winter, and in spring vegetated well, and yielded a good crop.—This accident suggests the trying how far it would answer to sow a part of the crop in fall, so as to have an early crop, and what the result would be of having from this early sowing, the ground well covered with leaves before the summer's hot sun comes on If fall sowing shall be found to answer, it would be of advantage to the farmer, by allowing him to have a part of the spring work done in a season in which he is not much hurried This fall sowing should not be performed until late in the season, when all probability of warm weather has passed away so that there might not be heat to germinate the seed before the cold & frost set in.

THE SILK CULTURE IN FRANCE.

It appears from the Essays of a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, that this great business was introduced into France chiefly by the exertions of Henry IV—a monarch as distinguished in the arts of peace as in those of war.—

In 1835, the value of silk manufactured in France amounted to one hundred and forty millions of francs; fifty millions or more than one third of the whole being sold to the United States.

Since Henry's time, the silk culture in France has been steadily increasing. But she still finds herself unable to supply her manufactories from her own soil and is obliged to import, annually, more than sixty millions of francs $12,000,000 worth of raw silk from Italy, Turkey, India, and China.

This business is immensely important to France Dr. Ure informs us, in his valuable treatise upon the silk branch of industry, that notwithstanding the great increase in the amount of raw silk annually produced in the principal silk districts in France, the price has raised of late years some 30 or 40 per cent., such is the continually increasing demand.—It is stated, that many of the old mulberry trees which served to introduce the culture into France are still standing, and the services they have rendered are acknowledged by the veneration in which they are held, Dr. Gilbert observes, that near Montelimart he has seen enormous mulberry trees, five or six metres in circumference (about 17 or 20 English feet) which are regarded as of the primitive stock. The most remarkable one is that of Allan, which M. de la Tour du Pin de la Chaux, the present owner of the soil, has had surrounded with a wall to protect its hollow trunk, and afford support to its three enormous limbs. These, though dry at their tops, are still furnished with branches that annually produce both leaves and fruit. There is a tradition that this tree was brought from the East by the Lord of Allan, during one of the last crusades.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

Battle of the Ranch.—The people of that part of Mexico known as the "Department of Santa Fe," have for many years been harrassed and annoyed by the depredations of the Apachus Indians. An American by the name of Kurker, at the time of our visit has just entered into a contract with the Government to whip the Indians and bring them to a permanent treaty, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars of which was paid to him in advance to commence operations. Kurker is now carrying on the war, and has first skirmish occurred while we were in Toas, within two miles of the town at which we were sojourning. He is a man of daring and reckless disposition, who has himself suffered from the villainy of the Indians, and he now hants them as much in revenge for the injuries they have done him as in prospect of emolument. Subject of the present sketch [illegible] the black mountain of Toas, in the valley of the same name, near to a small town called the "Ranch." Kurker, with about fifty men was here encamped when a party of the thieving Apachus crept upon them in the night and stole a number of their horses. The Indians were not aware that Kurker's party were prepared for war, but supposed they were stealing from an encampment of traders, who would not dare to pursue them. The robbery had scarcely been committed when it was discovered, and in a very few moments more Kurker and his fifty men were in close pursuit of the Indians. Knowing that the thieves would endeavor to escape over the mountains, by ascending a ravine that opened into the valley near the spot where the robbery was committed, Kurker led his men quickly round a by-path up the mountain side, and as the grey light of morning spread over the valley, the pursuers found themselves upon an eminence commanding the ravine up which the Indians were hurrying mounted upon the stolen horses.—The marauders numbered about a hundred and twenty, more than doubling the force of the pursuing party; but although these vagabonds hold the Spaniards in great contempt, they are the vilest cowards when opposed by the Americans. Cunning as they were they did not discover their danger until fifty American rifles were levelled, each with deadly aim, at a separate victim. The first cry of alarm from the Indians was the signal to fire, and as the early sunbeam penetrated the ravine, echo started suddenly from slumber, bounding wildly from cliff to cliff, and away among the distant crags, like the spirit of fear speeding from death and danger. Twenty Indians fell from their horses at that fire, some with a single frightful yell expiring on the instant, while others with clenched teeth, and with the desperate energy of departing life, clung to the reins, and were dragged about and trod upon by the alarmed horses. The Indians ride like devils, and without pausing an instant they turned and fled towards the valley. Some that were wounded fell from the frightened animals while they were in full speed down the ravine. Kurker and his men followed without reloading their rifles, and chased the Indians until they emerged from the ravine, and took refuge within the walls of the Ranch.

This town called the Ranch lies at the base of a gigantic mountain, and is watered by a swift stream that rushes from the ravine we have mentioned. It contains about three hundred houses, and these are built compactly together, forming a wall, and enclosing a large square, in the centre of which stands the Church Into this square the Indians rushed and endeavored to force their way into the church, having been taught to believe that the sacred roof is protection against all danger. But Kurker's men felt no disposition to let the savages off so easily, and reloading their rifles they resumed the attack within the walls of the town. It was still early morning, and the inhabitants sprang from their beds in the wildest confusion and alarm. First was heard the thronging of the Indians into the town--their murmurs of fear and terror; then the shouts of the pursuers, children screamed within the dwellings, and there was a rapid closing and barring of doors and windows. Then came the report of fire arms, followed by the most fiendish screams and yells from the victims, over which again rose the loud hurrahs of the Americans, as wild and savage as the dreadful war whoop of the Indian. The men seemed to grow delirious with the excitement, and to become inspired with the savage nature of their enemies. One man after discharging his rifle and pistols rushed madly among the Indians with his knife, and actually succeeded in taking a scalp before he was killed. The fight lasted but half an hour, when the Indians begged for mercy and were suffered to depart.

Kurker's men are mostly robust, daring fellows from Kentucky and Missouri, wagoners, speculators who yielded to the seductions of the Monte Bank and were ruined; men of rough, yet chivalrous and romantic natures, who love the wild life they are leading. Their pay from Kurker is a dollar a day and half the booty so that their interest as well as their love of excitement leads them to make battle whenever opportunity occurs. In this battle forty Indians were killed, and of Kurker's party but one American and one half-breed. The stolen horses were recovered and all the other animals in the possession of the Indians were taken as booty, Kurker himself, is as brave as a lion, and a man of great enterprise as well as skill in this kind of warfare.—Having but just commenced operations his force is small, but men were thronging to join him every day, and he will soon be at the head of a powerful army.

[New Orleans Picayune.

WEBSTER—CLAY—CALHOUN.

The January number of the American Biblical Repository contains an interesting article on Ancient and Modern Eloquence, by N Cleveland, Esquire, Newbury, Mass. After describing the eloquence and peculiar powers of Demosthenes and Cicero—the elder and younger Pitt [illegible]

"But it is time to ask, whose are the great names of *American* eloquence? —*Whom* will posterity regard as the Demosthenes or Burke of our age and Republic? Surely if facilities and opportunities for public speaking, with daily and nightly practice conjoined, are sufficient to make great orators, our country must be the most prolific region under the sun.

Aside from the pulpit and the bar, we have neither record nor tradition of American eloquence, anterior to the disputes with the mother country These furnished the exciting theme—and popular assemblies the most ample scope for the first orators of freedom. This was the era of Quincy, Warren, Otis, Henry, and the Adamses. Of the effect produced by their impassioned harangues, we have abundant evidence--but the harangues themselves are, for the most part, lost forever. We know not that this is to be regretted. Their unpolished though vigorous eloquence was adapted to the times, and accomplished its objects—but had it been faithfully preserved, it might have offended our more fastidious ears The vital interests involved--the magnitude of the danger ---the intense feelings of an excited community, produced a sympathy with the orator which we could not fully realize, this in the estimation of his hearers, redeeming his vehemence from the charge of extravagance. But now the medium through which we behold them is misty and dim. Time and distance have surrounded them with a haze of glory. We wish in this case no clearer vision, for what the eye cannot discover, fancy will supply.

With the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the organization of the Government the parliamentary eloquence of our country may be said to have commenced. Systematized opposition and combined party action then first applied the stimulous to debate,—a stimulous which seems to lose none of its irritating properties by the lapse of time.—Were we called upon to select from the great and good, who figured at that time in our national councils, the two highest names on the rolls of eloquence, these names would be Alexander Hamilton and Fisher Ames. Our opinion of Hamilton's eloquence must rest mainly on the testimony of those who heard him.—His speeches as they have come to us, do not correspond with our impressions of his remarkable powers. Great and eloquent beyond most, if not all men of his day, he certainly was, if we may believe the concurrent statements of friends and foes.

Of the powers of Mr. Ames, we have more satisfactory memorials. His eloquence is generally flowing and delightful,—rising at times to passages of great power and pathos,—and conveyed always in a diction remarkably correct. terse and beautiful. Like Burke, he is distinguished by philosophic and comprehensive views. Such is the skill with which he draws from human nature, and from history, his lessons of political wisdom, that his orations and writings are as instructive as they are pleasing. Hence he is one of the few writers, whom we read with interest, long after the occasions and the excitements, which called them forth, have forever passed away.

We will not, by a bare enumeration, (and time would allow no more,) do injustice to the many respectable, and the few brilliant orators, whose names appear in our Legislative and Congressional annals. Let us then at once ask.—Which is our trio of great names? Who are the men who have been allowed to seize and decide the triumval honors of American Eloquence. Whom would the candid, united sense of this wide empire, select as its ablest men, from among those, who for the last quarter of a century have swayed its councils?—'Of the three hundred 'name' but *three.*' For whom on entering for the first time the Senate chamber of the nation, does the stranger, whether native or foreign, soonest inquire! Inquire! Nay, the pen and the pencil and wide-mouthed Fame, have made the inquiry needless. How soon his eye recognizes the features; how soon his whisper breathes the illustrious names of Webster, Clay, Calhoun!

In contemplating the qualities of these extraordinary individuals, we are again, struck with the fact, that men may be eminently great, and yet eminently dissimilar.

Mr. Calhoun is the acknowledged chief of metaphisical orators. His mind is uncommonly acute, with a rare facility of seeing or making distunction. His reasoning is equally subtle and plausible. He loves to revel and soar in the airy regions of abstraction. He is the great Des Cartes of the Political Academy.—His theory is always curious—often beautiful--sometimes sublime; but it is a theory of 'vortices.' The course of his political fortunes may have affected unconsciously the hues of his mind, for his views are often sombre, and his anticipation of the future ominous and foreboding.

Not so with Mr. Clay. He loves to move on the surface of our earth, and amid the throng of fellow men:—or if at my time disposed to climb 'tis only to [illegible] wide view of the busy, happy scene below. He is the orator of popular principles and common sense. His views are expansive, rather than deep--his grasp of subject not so strong as it is broad.—He needs no interpreter to make more clear his meaning, nor any other index to the kindness of hi character than his homely, but open and expressive face. As a speaker, his style is Ciceronian; graceful and winning, rather than impetuous. Witty, and prompt at repartee, he is more skillful and ready in the skirmish of debate, than either of his great competitors.

One remains. In all the qualities of the orator and statesman, fitted to confer present power and lasting fame, Mr. Webster's preminence will be denied by few. In him we behold a mind of great native vigor; early roused to energy by the very necessities of his early origin: disciplined to habits of severe thought by the laborious study of law,—trained in all the arts of intellectual warfare on the hard arena of forensic strife, and finally expanded to its present mighty range of eloquence, philosophy, and statesmanship, on the broad & stirring theatre of the public councils. Those who have heard Mr. Webster, are well aware that he owes a portion of his power to personal advantages. The lofty brow, the dark and cavernous eye, and the heavy, deep-toned voice, might alone enchant a gazing auditory. These impart to his calmer and ordinary discourse, a serious earnestness, and a senatorial dignity; but in moments of high excitement, by no means of frequent occurrence, they seem like the blackness, and fire, and rolling peals of the o'ercharged and bursting cloud.

His style is remarkable for its simplicity. To utter thoughts of the highest order, in language perfectly simple; by lucid arrangement and apt words, to make abstract reasoning and the most recondite principles of commerce, law, and politics, plain to the humblest capacity, is a privilege and power, in which Mr. Webster is equalled, probably, by no living man. This simplicity, which is apt to be thought so easy of attainment, is, nevertheless, in this, as in most cases, undoubtedly the result of uncommon care. Like the great Athenian orator, Mr. Webster is always full of his subject--Like him, when most simple in his diction, he is yet admirably select. Like him, too, he can adorn when ornament is appropriate, and kindle, when occasion calls, into the most touching pathos, of loftiest sublime.

As a public man, Mr Webster is eminently *American.* His speeches breathe the purest spirit of a broad and generous patriotism. The institutions of learning and liberty, which nurtured him to greatness, it has been his filial pride to cherish: his manly privilege to defend, if not to save. In no emergency, on no occasion, where he has yet been called, have the high expectations formed of his abilities, been doomed to disappointment. The time honored rock of the Pilgrims; Bunker's glorious mound; and old Faneuil Hall; have been rendered even more illustrious by his eloquent voice. Armed at all points, and ready alike for attack and defence, he has been found equally great, whether wrestling with the champions of the Law, before its most august tribunal, or contending on the broader field, and in the hotter conflicts of Congressional warfare. We cannot say that it is matter of regret to us, that he is no longer a candidate for office, though that office be *deemed* the highest. The Senate,—the SENATE is undoubtedly his true sphere of beneficence and glory.—There may he long be found, foremost amid the mighty names, which are at once our crown of pride, and tower of strength.

THE 'CHEMISERS' OF PARIS.

A monomania for shirt-making seems to have sprung up lately in Paris and the whole of the *Rue Neuve Vivienne* is occupied by 'Less Chemisiers de Paris,' or the shirt making gentry. The Charivari, a humorous publication, thus describes the tribe:

'A bourgeois wearing a flannel waistcoat, and carrying a cotton umbrella, after having remained for a long time contemplating the splendid array of frilling shirts in the chemiser's window, at length decides on purchasing one. A gentleman, wearing an exaggerated shirt, comes forward, and the following dialogue invariably ensues: Bourgeois—Sir, I wish you would show me some shirts. Chemisier—At what price? We have them from 50 to 500 francs. Bourgeois, the dozen? Chemisier—Oh dear no.—Each shirt. Bourgeois—Diable! That is rather dear. Chemisier—not when you consider that nothing now remains but the shirt to distinguish the gentleman from the vulgar herd. Every one now wears monkey jackets, silk hats, and yellow gloves. But a man who wears a good shirt, *enfin Monsieur*, one of the most celebrated authors, has just justly said, *'la chemise fait l'homme.'* But what sort of a shirt will Monsieur prefer? We have the shirt with large, with small, and with no plaits: frilled and without jabot, the shirt with buttons in front, at the side, and behind; the shirt which is put on over the head and that which is put [illegible] shirt.—Chemisier—At that low price it will be a common calico affair.—Does Monsieur wish for a summer or a winter shirt. Bourgeois—one that I can wear either summer or winter, to be sure. Chemisier—A shirt for the four seasons. That will be fifteen francs extra (taking the measure.) When Monsieur walks with Madame, does he give the right or left arm?—Bourgeois—Generally the right, if I remember rightly. But what is that to you? Chemisier—Why, we make the right sleeve a thought longer than the left, and the wristband button must be sewn so as to support a great strain. Does Monsier ever sneeze?—Bourgeois—what can a cold in the head have to do with my shirt? Chemisier—Perhaps Monsieur is not aware that whenever he sneezes, his whole frame is shaken by a convulsive movement. The shirt collar must be made so as to allow of this movement if it ever takes place, otherwise an attack of apoplexy might ensue, or what would be equally important, the shirt button would probably be torn off.--Bourgeois—Diable! make the collar large then.--Chemisier—That will be four francs extra. Bourgeois—And if I furnish the calico? Chemisier—Oh, Monsieur is at liberty to do so, if he pleases, we shall charge him nothing extra for that. Your shirt will come to 74 francs, you shall have it in a month, and if you will call every five days to try it on I should be very much obliged to you."

A hurricane, accompanied by an inundation of the sea, accurred at Coringe on the coast northward of Madras, on the 16th of November, which drowned 2,000 people. The number of dead bodies floating about was truely a hideous spectacle.

A CAUTION.—In the Baltimore County Court on Wednesday, Mrs. Susan Griffith obtained a verdict for $300 damages in an action for slander, brought under the following circumstances: The evidence shows that Mrs. Griffith and another lady went into defendant's store on Saturday night about seven or eight o'clock, and asked to look at some stockings. Defendant put on the counter three pairs, as he supposed, and when they declined to buy any, he discovered that there were only two. The plaintiff then started out, was stopped by defendant, brought back and partially searched.—The declaration stated that defendant said "Madam, you have my stockings, walk back and give them up; it's of no use to deny it, you have them."

COOPER.—We learn that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard will soon publish Mr. Cooper's new work of fiction, 'the Pathfinder.' It gives part of the history of the early days of 'Leatherstocking,' and takes us back to the scenes so beautifully described in the Pioneers. Last of the Mohicans, and other works of the author It is said not to be inferior to either of them.—*U. S. Gazette.*

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